

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute:)
To morrow coosen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee need his helpe these foure teene dayes;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whome you now must steale, and take no leaue
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moiety North from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crauking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out:
He haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the sinug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent
To rob me of so rich a bottome hère,

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

War. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North side, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and cūen,

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alfred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Henry the fourth.

Glen. VVhy, that wil I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the haire
Many an English dittie, louly wel,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament:
A vertu that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with al my heart,
I had rather bea kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miser ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen canstick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mimblyng Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shal haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, He giue threede to much land
To any wel deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
He cauill on the ninth part of a heaire:
Are the indentures drawne? shal we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by ni
He haue the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mor. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father

Hot. I cannot chuse sometime he anger s me
VVith telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophedies:
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faich. I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckning vp the seuerall duels names